

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithar:
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantomaticall phantasies, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neighabreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: ne intelligis domine, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. Laus deo, bene intelligo.
Peda. Borne boon for boon presciant, a little scratcht, twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chitra.

Peda. Quare Chitra, not Sitra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most millitarie fir salutation.

Boy. They haue bene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added.

Page. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis qu, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteraniurn, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quick & home; it reioyeth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe penny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Artis-man preambular*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Change-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question* as to this, O.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Paultion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noonne.

Peda. The posterior of the day, most generous fir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noonne: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you fir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious desires, and of great import: indeed too; but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my extremit, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrete, that the King would haue mee present the Princeesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-workes: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iofua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabees*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thump, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuise: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge nor an Antique: I beseech you follow.

Peda. A good-maun *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither fir.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wald about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,

As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper

Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,

That he was faine to scale on *Cupid*'s name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:

For he hath bene fure thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallows too:

Rosa. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and

so she died: had she bene Light like you, of such a mer-

rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere

she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rosa. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light

word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rosa. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kath. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:

Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Rosa. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rosa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rosa. Great reason: for past care is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rosaline*, you haue a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue Verdes too, I thanke *Berowne*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kath. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rosa. Ware pensals, How? Let me not die your debtor,

My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I bestrew all Shrowes:

But *Katherine*, what was sent to you

From faire *Dumaine*?

Kath. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,

Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of hypocricie,

Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longanile*.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Qu. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Rosa. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'reway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,

As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wifedome hatch'd:

Hath wifedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Rosa. The bloud of youth burns not with such excessse,

As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,

As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyet?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,

Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*: What are they,

That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold adrest,

The King and his companions: warely

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:

That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.

Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:

That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,

Action and accent did they teach him there.

Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And euer and anon they made a doubt,

Preferre maiesticall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:

Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:

I should haue fear'd her, had she bene a deuill,

With that all laugh'd, and clapt him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.

One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was neuer spoke before.

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.

The thir'd he caper'd and cried, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter so profound,

That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,

To checke their folly passions solemne rears.

Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,

Like *Muscottes*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

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And